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THE BURIED RIVER

A Romance of California.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WELL.

"The last crust." "out at the elbows," ! and such like expressions, borrowed from older days, convey to us in our land of bounty an idea rather than any actual fact. If a man is "out at the elbows" in Cali-

fornia, let him take off his coat and carry It on his shoulder, as in Italy. This will conceal the condition of things, and he will be quite as comfortable, for the coat here is rather a luxury than a necessity. If a man is out of bread, let him eat meat; for in almost any fence-corner sits a rabbit, with a premium on his head in many counties, waiting to be killed and eaten. On any hedge sings a lark; in any dimple of the hills from here to Mexico the quail pipes, with his many notes, the whole year through. A gun and a load of shot, or, simpler still, a stout cord and a bent bush for snare and spring, and you have meat in abundance any hour in the day; and meat, too, fit for a king. As for the matter of a bed, that is as simple of solution as the outat-the-elbow coat. Every redwood tree is of itself not only a tent, impervious to rain or sun, but it is almost an entire hotel. For example, the whole space and circle under its spacious and shapely boughs, an area of from twenty-five to one hundred feet in diameter, is one continuous carpet. Carpet? It is a cushion; a cushion that has cost half a century of time to make perfect. It is of a soft, subdued old gold hue; you sink into it at every step. And yet so elastic is this carpet that a horse can make no impression as he passes even with his iron feet. And the fragrance of it! All the spices of the Orient are not more delicious, dreamful, luxurious. You are invited to repose by this perfume, and sense of silence, and large liberality of nature, by every beckoning tree in a red-

John Gray had literally eaten his "last crust," but a heavy fowling-piece, borrowed from a neighboring hut, leaned in the corner, and he was not without resources. Besides, when you go out to sea here, even with the crudest sailors, you will find tumbled about the deck somewhere, or in the bottom of the boat, heaps of big sea crabs, shrimp, and so on. Bread, thick-crusted, and of the best, rolls of butter like gold, boiled eggs by the half bushel—these little details are always at hand here where a spanking sail against the thousands of miles of uncontaminated air of the vast Pacific gives you ready relish. These things, let it be repeated, are as much a part of the boat outfit as one of its planks. And you help yourself as leisurely and fully to them as you do
to the air. But in the presence of all the majesty that attends you here who shall bend down his face to describe the art of tearing asunder the legs of a sea crab? And who shall stop the thunder of the sea of seas booming and booming against the granite battlements that wall in the gold pieces of California to say how that this man or that woman suddenly grew hungry and, gracefully leaning over, caught up from a lunch-basket and adroitly peeled a boiled

John Gray was eager to get back to his cabin and be alone. He threw himself in at the open door, hastily struck a light, at the open door, hastily struck a light, and then drew forth his maps from their hiding place near his heart. Opening these on the table, he tried to apply what knowledge he had that day gained to the solution of the one great problem. For now he was certain beyond possibility of doubt of the truth of his theory. The Buried River was a fact. He had sailed by its mouth. He had heard it muttering in its muddy bed below. The great Buried River that once below. The great Buried River that once had drained all the world west of the Rocky mountains, and flowed from Salt lake to the sea had had the golden gate

for its mouth. He was sitting at that moment above the bubbling, roaring waters of the Buried River. He had not a dime in his pocket; but down there, deep down almost as the level of the ocean, was a river that was literally paved with gold.

He went to the door and looked out. The moon was setting fast in the Golden Gate, little time to lose. He must look into that Indian well that night and before Farla could possibly come back from the island.
A pang, a sharp pain, almost shot through
his heart as he hastened out and down the steep declivity in the dense thicket and thought of Farla away out on her precipit-ous rock in the sea. She had been good to him. And now that she was absent from her temple he was about to enter it and pillage it of her secret; plunder her house and she away from home; possibly in

Passing around by a blind path through a tangle of musk that made the air heavy with perfume in the dew, he came suddenly to a deep ravine flowing to the west. A dense tangle of chapparel and all sorts of overhanging boughs and briars seemed to bar his way here; but throwing himself on his hands and knees, he was soon able to rise and walk erect in the moist gravel bed of the little blind stream. He advanced but a few paces, for all this little dingle of dense growth down here in the face of nature was not bigger than a little green plot at best. All about the hills hung over , and men and cattle passed daily to and fro and round about: but clearly nothing ever entered here, save the silent priestess of the haunted Indian well; and even she came and went in the most stealthy way.

The moon was at his back, but very low, as he paused in the little open space in the heart of the dense copse. But what bright and shining fancy circle of silver was that pefore him and almost at his feet? It was whiter, lighter than the moonlight and rose almost to his waist. He put forth his hand and touched the tall shaft of gold that shot through one of the ten thousand calla ilies that made up this glorious snow-white border about the mouth of the Indian well. This calla lily should be called the Nile lily. It is the same stately, luxurant lily that the red, rich waters of the Nile have nonrished since the morning stars sung to-

It was in this same perfumed foliage that the daughter of Pharoah found the holy Moses cradled mid his lily leaves.

He now started a little as he saw, by the dim light of the facing moon, that he was standing at the foot of three carefully-trimmed graves. What earthly purpose could this strange girl have had in so carefully tending these three graves? I do notknow, nor will I even attempt to answer for her actions. I did not make her, nor will I answer for her actions. I can only record them, and set things down as they

Recovering his composure in a moment the man stepped a pace forward, parted the rank and most luxuriant lilies and, lean-ing far forward, looked down with eagerness into the mysterious depths of the wide, deep well. Nothing! Nothing! He saw nothing, but certainly there was a bubbling, gurgling sound; a something indistinct and far away. He paused a moment and then, making sure of his footing, leaned forward over the fragrant wall of lilies, painting his bosom yellow with their shafts of gold, and listened long and

eagerly.
This time there was no mistaking the fact that there was some sort of disturbance or commotion in the deep, dark stream below. It was almost dark now. The last ray of moonlight was leaving the lilies. Another moment and the man stood there by the three graves by the haunted well in absonte darkness. No corner is darker than a dense copse at midnight, where the rays of the moon point through no longer. The stars make no impression in a place like this. You had as well stand in a cavern

where light has never been born. To go away now at this time was an impossibility. To remain began to seem almost intolerable.

A sound came up from the well nearer and clearer than before. It was like the bumping of a boat or light pontoon against a bank. Then again. He could fancy he heard it thumping against the earth at his feet. He dared not lean forward and attempt to look down. Putting aside all dread of supernatural sights and things the peril of making a single step in this pro-found darkness with this chasm at his feet

was clear. He stood still; leaning back rather than forward his hands folded on his breast, breathing hard, holding his lips tightly set and bravely, determinedly daring to await the worst where he stood.

And now he could distinctly hear the

bumping of a boat; an empty boat. He was certain that it was a boat; he was certain that it was a boat of leather or canvas. And he was certain that the boat was empty. It would be idle to explain how he knew all this so certainly, but it is enough to say that he knew. Nature, when you leave off your cunning or art, is very reliable. Your senses at such a time as this are at their best. And the best that your senses are capable of you will never know

senses are capable of you will never know till put to trial.

John Gray had lost his dread to some extent now. Nothing supernatural at all was there at all in the bumping and thumping of an empty boat against the sucking of a rising and inflowing well, and he began to speculate on this additional evidence in support of his Buried River theory.

Here was a well, or air-hole. The river flowed on under this flume to the sea. The mouth of this river was being closed up by the filling in of the Sacramento river from the long and continued washing down of the Sierras by gold-hunters. The tide would turn this Buried River back on itself daily. But back of that lay the fact that the Buried River was badly choked at the mouth, as before explained, and when great rains filled it from the plains it had hard work in finding expression, and so flooded its own banks. its own banks.

its own banks.

Reasoning thus and almost forgetting himself in following out this pleasant solution of the mystery before him, John Gray suddenly stood as stiff and cold as if made of marble. He could not lift his hands or even let them fall down to his side from where they lay folded and comfortably doubled in with his arms across his breast. The boat was before him. But such a boat! True, it was a pontoon boat half to hide stretched tightly over a frame. built of hide stretched tightly over a frame. But such a sight there in the blackness of night by the three graves no man ever saw before.

It was the great, white Spanish bull; and looking him right in the face across the narrow rim of nodding lilies. The eyes were brilliant little lamps trimmed and burning so brightly that the whole little heart of the copse was lighted

like a festal hall. The wide and splendid horns were per-fectly in place. The mighty neck had lost none of its noble strength and audacity. The widened nostrils were in the air. The

The widened nostrils were in the air. The ears were alert. Battle and blood were in every fold of the sweeping brisket.

It was a wonderful work of art that the strange girl had anchored here in the breathing well by the neatly kept graves. The skin had been opened at the back, the legs drawn up and fastened from within. The noble brute rode the waters on his breast as bravely as when the adventuress Europa bestrode her milk white bull far back beyond the dawn of history and swam the Hellespont.

There were no oars or place for oars. A

There were no oars or place for oars. A paddle may have been hidden within; but it was perilous making inquiry here and the artist was too much lost in admiration for this beautiful piece of work to be rudely

He noted, however, that great cords hung loose and abundant about the narrow opening like that in an Indian fisherman's canoe; as if the boat might be almost entirely closed. Broad flaps of sealskin hanging down the sides from the opening gave proof of this.

Clearly the boat was anchored here in some adroit way; just how or where could not be seen. But the cunning hand and singular strength of body and mind that had fashioned this most curious boat out of a bull's hide and the little bay boughs could not long be at a loss for means of This bay tree here, growing in long, slim

little branches all over this part of the land as a sort of frieze or border on the banks of redwood groves is the old Greek bay. This graceful and evergreen tree, spicy and fragrant, is the sacred laurel of old which even the lightning respected. It is the same fibrous, tough, pliable and sinuous bough, becoming hard as steel when dried that bore the laurel wreaths for which the competitors at the Olympic for which the competitors at the Olympic games struggled as the sole reward of their prowess for so many centuries. Surely pedigree, story, history, character,

is worth something, even in a tree. Whether the girl came daily to trim her lamps and her graves the man could not guess; but certain it was now that he had learned so much that he was sorry for his intrusion; half ashamed and curious to know how he should look her in the face the next day and contrive to keep the truth from her.

The debate did not last long. Far back in life he had been assured by one who had a right to say that the simple truth is best: the plain clean truth first and all the time. He would tell her all, concealing only the name of Sanello, and take the consequences of his audacity and her displeas-

While he resolved thus the great proud neck arose and bobbed on the bosom of the breathing waters and the savage head tossed in his face even above the top of the lilies. The waters boiled and bubbled over the river and flowed at his

Then suddenly they began to recede; and down, down, down! The lights drew down and the man stood alone in the darkness. CHAPTER X.

FARLA'S NIGHT ON LION'S HEAD.

Farla was very angry; angry at she scarcely knew what. She could not say that she was angry at what her innocent and simple-hearted little sister Sanello had said or done. She was surely not angry at anything that Mr. Gray had said or done. She was simply angry; perhaps at herself.

She had looked forward eagerly to this day when she should be with him, sail the boat that bore him on and on through the straits, on and on through the Golden Gate, on and on to the stormy islands of stone with their roaring sea lions and their clouds of countless sea birds. She had expected so much of this day; and what had she had of it? She surely had not expected aught of John Gray, except his ever serene for-bearance and equipoise of manner. She had long learned that this silent and absorbed man had never been a boy and was something more than man, at least something more than the brute-man. It was indeed this gentle element in his nature, this unselfishness and serenity and entire re-spect for her that had suddenly, and for the first time in her life touched her heart. Hard as her life may have been, stormy as her voyage may have been at times, she stilled loved gentleness. It found response in her heart. For all very strong souls are also very gentle.

Had any one asked her, had she asked herself why she so willfully and sud-denly declined to return with the party, but preferred remaining, as she often had done before, indeed, with her people on the islands, she would have been at a loss for an answer. Surely she wanted to be with Mr. Gray; ah, she even now and in truth all the time wanted to be with him. Yet had she thrown all this sunlet afternoon of glory into the sea! Such is the incomprehensible contradiction of woman.

Climbing higher and higher up the steep and stupendous wall of scarred and lightning-riven granite, and conglomerate, and lava, she found new and almost incalculable deposits of eggs. She startled storms of sea-birds that had never yet been interrupted there in their cloud-built crags.

This pleased her. This was conquest! She would not only have something new to tell; this discovery would add to her fath-

er's meagre revenues.

Higher and higher she hastened to climb till at last she stood, with flowing hair, limned out against the gold of the sunset, the silhoutte which her startled father saw the time he turned about to look back from his boat as they sailed in through the Gold-

The girl remained fixed to this spot, watching the fading away of the yellow sail a long time. The task of reaching this

almost inaccessible point where she now stood had been considerable; as exhausting

as perilous, and she felt that she needed rest before attempting to return.

At last night moved down in all his somber majesty from his camps in the canyons under the cedars, and firs, and redwoods of the Sierras, and swiftly as the flight of a bird possessed the sea walls and the sea. The Golden Gate was barred by bolts of darkness, and the white roads across the waters of the ocean of oceans that ended here by this sea-bank were obliterated for the night.

the night.

Taking firmly hold of the rocks, setting her certain feet securely in the narrow niche below, the girl began to slowly descend. But the light lay on the other side of the island now. Darkness, or at least confusion of light, lay on the side where she stood, or rather clung, and Farla drew herself up by the hands to the same spot where she had rested a moment before. She began to think seriously if it were really safe to descend by this precipitous way.

She gathered some eggs that lay in a feathery nest by her right hand, dropped them, one after another, down the steep wall by which she had climbed.

It startled her to see how nearly perpen-

It startled her to see how nearly perpendicular she, in her sudden flash of pique and displeasure, had ascended. Her heart beat so loudly that she ceased tossing the eggs down the precipice and laid her hand

The soft silver moon came to her in this lofty isolation and kept pleasant company for a little time, and then settled slowly on down in the path of the exhausted sun.

And how lone now!

The shadows that came crowding up from the sea far down below seemed never so black as now. The girl's heart had ceased to beat so terribly now at the idea of spending the night alone on the shelving crags, but for all that she was sadly frightened. It may be safely said that now, for the first time in her life, fear really

came upon her.

It was not the danger. She had known danger both by sea and land from infancy. But it was her helplessness that appalled her, the inability to really move either hand or foot. She was literally chained to the rock.

Fortunately the night was warm, even to sultriness; but she knew that the small hours of morning would bring down a cold blast from the ice floes of Alaska. Fixing her feet securely in the rough and porous surface of the land where she stood, she turned her back on the world and laid, or rather leaned, her face to the mighty wall. Then, with great care and caution, she drew herself up to a more secure and less precipitous side of the singular prison, and prepared to spend the night as best she could.

The place was so filled with sea birds' eggs that little or no room was left her here. And so nest after nest, as far as she could reach, was emptied by starting the eggs rolling down the steep.

Then, making certain of her footing, she put out her arms and drew all the feathers, as far as she could reach, under her reclining body, and thus soon found herself far from uncomfortable. Still there was the dread of slipping down while asleep.

The downy but slippery bed of feathers did not at all add to her sense of security. Fortunately she had a stout cord at her girdle. This stout silken cord she had long warn in order to make more seems in its worn in order to make more secure in its concealment the knife which she always

Do not be alarmed at the mention of this knife. It is no rarity. Besides this girl's work at building her curious boat, the continuous climbing of crags, both in the sea and on the land, all her life and action, indeed, made a stout, sharp knife as necessary to her as is a needle to an ordinary woman.

Taking her knife in her left hand, she felt about with her right as she lay, or rather leaned, there till she found a crevice or crack, in the rocks into which she could fasten the knife. Gradually and securely driving it down into this crack to the hilt driving it down into this crack to the hilt, she proceeded to fasten one end of the heavy silken cord to the knife and the other to her left arm. Then she prayed a piteous prayer with clasped hands and forehead humbled to the rocks. Her heart was very gentle now. Never before was her better, gentler self so entirely to the surface. She was sorry for the folly of that day, and of all days. Not for herself; she was sorry for the pain of others. She prayed for her sister; for her great, rugged father. She prayed first for all that was near and dear to her. And last of all, the poor, penitent and desolate girl with such a contradiction and desolate girl, with such a contradiction of nature, prayed for herself. And then she

The cold winds of early morning awak-ened her. She had slept soundly; but her limbs were stiff and her hands and feet numb. She put the cord again about her body, making her short dress still shorter. Then she took the knife in her left hand. After taking one look at the dizzy depths below, and making certain that she could never descend in that way and live, be-numbed as she now was, she slowly began

Bear in mind this island had been her rocking-cradle. She knew it so well. It had no terrors for her at all under ordinary circumstances. Like the lion-tamer in the cage with the lion he has known so long and well, she even now, rested and renewed as she was, with a full day before her, felt no more dread.

As said before, she knew every foot of the ground or crevice of the rock, whether accessible or inaccessible. She knew that there was somewhere a circuit to this continual ascent, that there was a summit to this crag in the sea, somewhere, and she would reach it and descend

by the other side. This one particular rock is curious.] looks like a sea-lion. It rests there, half lifted from the water, like a huge sea-lion looking away out toward the orient seas. Its head overhangs the ocean; its nose is high, fearfully high, in the air. Ships at high-tide could, were it not for the fallen rocks there, that keep the fretful waters churned to a foam, ships, I say, were it not the waters here, and are made black with roaring sea-lions and white with roaring seas, could almost sail under this huge stone nose that is lifted bold and bare more than two hundred feet above the waters-above the ten thousand trembling, groaning, moaning and continually roaring sea-lions on their jutting crags and the hungry, alldevouring ocean.

Farla found her journey slow from the beginning. Often she would have to stop and roll aside and down the steep hundreds and hundreds of eggs. They were a dan-gerous footing where life depended so en-tirely on the certainty of her foothold.

After an hour of arduous work she came to what seemed to her to be the last steep ascent before the summit. But this seemed utterly inaccessible. Here was at least a place to rest, however, and rolling the eggs aside she threw herself on her face full length, threw out her long, strong limbs their full length and rested-really rested for the first time. And this time her prayer was a prayer of gratitude.

Lifting her face to begin the work before her, she instinctively turned her eyes to the world of waters below. It was alive with boats! And such a shout went up from the thousands of people far, far below on the decks of these various craft.

All night she had been missed. All night men had searched about the entire accessible portions of the rock. For the girl was well known; was not only widely known, but was well known, and she was univer-

sally respected, if not entirely loved.

They had only this moment discovered her. But when the shout died away and men looked, and looked again, they grew white with pity and with dismay.

Some of the boats drew in close to the island as if to try to reach her other. island, as if to try to reach her; others stood further out to sea, as if to survey the possible chances of her escape; the other boats drew on around the island, as if to see what hope lay from the other side.

The girl's heart swelled with gratitude.

And yet she was greatly vexed with herself that she should have been the cause of so much care. This made her very resolved to have done with the whole sad business, and tying her girdle she laid hold of the crag before her and began steadily to ascend She had more confidence now, and more strength, also. Ten feet! twenty feet! The knife was in her teeth. She had kicked off both her shoes. Her fingers were streaming with blood. Thirty feet! forty feet!

One foot swings loose and the body

sways! The left arm hangs loose as if dead! One last superhuman effort and the right arm is about a sharp, jutting and rugged bit of rock that hangs from the rim of the summit, and she drew herself up by the knees, by the neck!

And on, such a shout from the waters be-low! The bleeding trembling girl stands erect on the loftiest summit of the lion's Eagerly now she walks around the narrow little space for the place by which to

descend. Toward the city and the shore! It is fifty feet or more of sheer precipice. She hastens with a sinking heart to the side of the head looking southward. Precipice! Nothing but precipice! She sat down and folded her bleeding

fingers up under her naked arms. Her black and glistening abundant hair was

black and glistening abundant hair was about her breast and shoulders. But her dress had been torn to pieces and hung in shreds about her body.

The fleet of boats increasing in numbers every moment, for the story of the beautiful girl's peril had spread like fire over the city of San Francisco, now gathered under the Lion's Head; and every face there lifted to Farla. And every heart there that knew how to pray prayed one continual prayer for her deliverance.

The roar of the lions and the sea made it impossible that she could either hear or be heard. No one spoke. No one made signs what to do. All felt so utterly helpless that no one dared to advise by sign or by utterance of any sort.

utterance of any sort.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRAND OF LIFE-OR DEATH. Once more the girl arose and walked about her narrow home in the air. This time she walked fast and resolute; as if it had entered her mind to end the tragedy in one way or another at once.

Perhaps she thought of her father's coming and determined to have done with the dreadful situation before he came to suffer from the contemplation of her awful po-

She made the round of observation and threw up her arms in despair as she came back to where she had sat with folded hands. But this time she did not sit down in that same spot. She walked far out on

in that same spot. She walked far out on the Lion's Head: far out! So far that her foot lay half-way over the perpendicular ledge and ten thousand people caught their breath in the boats below!

Here she sat down; undid the cord about her body; tied it tightly about a sharp little uplifted point of rock; tied it tight and tried it by pulling hard and strong.

And then her hands began to work and to weave as if they had been a spider's hands. Her strong, heavy dress, already in shreds above the knee, was shredded and twisted into cord almost before the people below realized her desperate resolution.

But when they did discover her purpose a moment later what a shout of cheer! of hope, of heart!

hope, of heart!
And now she lifted her knife to the glorious stream of black hair!
She wove her hair into her costly, rich ladder with such dexterity and speed that in a little time her shapely head was en-

Garment after garment disappeared. The last garment, the last shred was gone! The girl arose and stood there a moment as God had made her. right hand. And there was but one thought and prayer among men. Was it strong? and was it long? Would the rope reach to the foamy, troubled waters and the sea lions below? Had her fingers been

would the rope endure her weight?
Ships of war of all nations sent their best boats and crews to see if by some good fortune they might be of possible service to the brave girl. Gallant Stuart Taylor, the naval officer of the port of San Francisco, was there. In brief all San Francisco was there, at least in heart and desire to was there, at least in heart and desire to

Tall as an Indian, straight as an arrow, the girl stood for a second above the trembling sea and roaring sea lions and foam-white rocks, and seemed at last to hesitate in her desperate purpose. Suddenly, as if her heart had impelled her she turned her head away toward the sombre summits of Redwood Park and Mount Diablo. She shaded her eyes with her lifted hand and looked long and earnestly. What was she thinking of now. Her days of happy childhood? The family group gathered about the door waiting her return? Her strong, silent, daring and enreturn? Her strong, silent, daring and en-during father, so much like herself? What could have been her thoughts?

Then after a time her eyes fell down-ward a little and lingered about the Golden Gate. She started suddenly and clutched more in her right hand the long, coiled

What could have startled her and nerved her so suddenly to her desperate task? There was a little sail plunging down from out the Golden Gate at all speed; as if the huge man at the helm half guessed that this gathering of ships was a signal of trouble to him or his,

No; she would not let him suffer; not
while she lived. She would end it all now

Tightening, testing the cord once more and for the last time, taking care that no sharp rock should come in contact with its precious threads and fibres she grasped it tightly in both hands and hastily let herself down over the beetling ledge.

Would it hold her? Land her safely in the surf and surge below? was it long,

enough, and was it surely strong enough!

Boats started forward; a thousand stouthearted men stood to their oars. Every
prow was turned pointing to the Lion's Head ready to leap forward to rescue.

Down! down! down! Every man held his breath! Down! down! down! Forty feet!

Fifty! One hundred! One hundred and fifty feet. Only fifty feet more and the foamy troubled rocks and sea lions below will receive her!

But what is the matter? Why pause there suspended in the air by that thin and invisible cord? An empty hand reaches out helplessly in the air in sign that all is over. The rope is exhausted. Men stand as if stunned and struck dumb.

The girl makes the sign of the cross, and men that never prayed before are praying now. Those that would disdain to pray for their own lives are praying for this poor girl. Tears are in every eye and in every Her both hands now clutch close and hard, to the cord, as if she dreads to die. Her bosom heaves heavily; her feet are locked close together. Oh, if the water

was but water beneath her, instead of stone, Oh, but to be able to drop down into the sea twenty, thirty feet out from the base of the precipice!
Suddenly it seems as if the tall, slim
form hanging so helpless up there in the air begins to move; to sway, to swing, first a little; as if the sea winds had come up

wondering from the sea and had begun to buffet her about. But no! It is not the blustering and insubstantial wind that is slowly moving her to and fro, to and fro! to and fro! from wall

Her long, lithe limbs are alive, sinuous, eloquent with action! To and fro! to and fro! Faster! faster! Ten feet out toward the open sea! Fifteen! Twenty! Thirty! And away! like a beautiful rainbow falling out of heaven from its own splendor, the graceful and audacious girl, with a divine audacity, leaves the rope behind her, and, as if coming down to us on the arms of a rainbow, darts feet first into the open sea where a yellow sail with the swiftest keel and the stoutest heart in all the land or on all the

seas is waiting to receive her.

There was a dealthly silence for long; so long it seemed. But when at last a giant form leaned and gathered a slim and exhausted form from the folds of the sea and wrapped his daughter round with love and embraces as with a mantle; such a shout!
The great ships thundered their satisfaction, and told the anxious city that the girl was safe at last in her father's arms. [CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.]

Points for Dr. Mary Walker. Minneapolis Tribune.

Dr. Mary Walker has entered the ranks of journalism. She is now telegraph editor of the Washington Post. Mary will soon be one of the boys, but she will never learn, we fear, to regard the preambula-tions of the office-mouse with equanimity; or to note the advent of the cockroach in the paste pot with indifference; or to rec-ommend the copy boy to a warmer clime. But Mary will soon learn that printer's ink on her new spring pants must be expected, and looked at philosophically. In closing, we would request her not to head dispatches, "An Awful Fire;" "A Perfectly Lovely Celebration;" "He Won't Speak; General Harrison Just as Mean as Mean Can Be;" "Mrs. Langtry's Debut; She Appears in Two Exquisite Decollete Gowns, Made by the Peerless Worth;" "A Bold, Bad Man; Charles Fay Shoots His Wife with a Horrid, Ugly Revolver." Such heads, Mary, will not do. Please remember this.

Wanted to Know.

Toledo Blade. "Oh, Gawge," she sighed, as she turned her radiant face up to his, "tell me, darling, tell me, do you love me for my money, or for what I am really worth?" "Why, sweet," he fondly replied, drawing her very near to him, "for what you are really worth, of course." "Bless you for those words." And she nestled in his loving arms. "By the way, dear," asked Gawge, and he playfully fondled her diamond earrings, "ah-what are you really worth?"

EDGAR POE'S "GOLD BUG."

How and Where the Author of "the Raven" Found Material for One of His Tales. Charleston News and Courier.

Every intelligent boy and girl in Charles-Every intelligent boy and girl in Charleston, and a great many grown people, have read Edgar Poe's story of "The Gold Bug."

The scene is on Sullivan's island, and as the readers of the report of Professor Shepherd's lecture on Edgar Allen Poe will remember, that poet and story-writer was at one time a soldier stationed at Fort Moultrie. Doubtless he came overfrequently to Charleston for ales, wines, liquors and cigars, of some of which the author of "The Gold Rug" was inordinately fond. It was Gold Bug" was inordinately fond. It was also discovered yesterday that he had paid many a visit to the old books in the office of the Probate Judge—certainly, he paid one visit and saw an old record out of which he wove the interesting story of his scarabeus, "The Gold Bug."

A reporter upturned the very document yesterday which, allowing for the imagination of the poetic Poe, was the basis of the story. The document is dated Sept. 5, 1745, and belongs to a number of unclassified records which Probate Judge Gleason was collecting yesterday to have bound in a separate volume. As will be noted, the paper, which is fairly well preserved, is nearly 145 years of age. Of the accuracy and truth of the facts set forth there can be no doubt. One of the affidavits among a number all by crews of the same pilot

be no doubt. One of the affidavits among a number, all by crews of the same pilot boat, is as follows:

"Andrew Poole, being duly sworn on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, deposes that about 5:30 o'clock on the morning of the 1st of September, A. D. 1745, in about seven fathoms of water off Sullivan's island, he saw a schooner coming down afore the wind and made toward him until he came within pistol shot. The schooner flew a black flag, and coming near, bade him lower his mainsail. Upon that he tacked and stood away from him, upon which they fired from the schooner both musquet and round shot with the Spanish pendant also flying, upon which this deponent made the best of his way up to town."

But there is another affidavit, which is as follows:

"John Garvin, a full branch pilot, being sworn on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, deposes that very late on the night of Aug. 31, 1745, when coming in from sea, and when off the shore of Long island, there being a partial fogg, he suddenly, when being a partial logg, he suddenly, when bearing west, ran into a great number of small boats, one of which he capsized. He immediately tackt and fetched up a quarter of a mile to the westward, and almost in speaking distance of a brigantine. It was too late to haul off, and his course brought him close alongside, and one of his crew read the title 'Cid Campeador.' This deponent knows that the 'Cid Campeador' is a Spanish brigantine, the commander of is a Spanish brigantine, the commander of

which is Julian de Vega.
"This deponent further avers that about fifty yards to the northeast of the brigan-tine lay a schooner. The wind at this time was unfavorable to entry, and he (the deponent) thought it best, in God's grace, to put back to sea, in which respect he was aided by a providential wind. The brig-antine opened fire, but the shot was wide of antine opened fire, but the shot was wide of the range on account of the fogg, and the more because this deponent had quenched the lights, which he had hauled down. He further avers that he kept on his way along the coast and put into Waccamaw bay, and began to make his way back to Charles Town on September the 15th. On reaching Waccamaw Point, where the King's Road ends, and where is Grimbeck's Tavern, where the mail-coach puts up, and is carried across the river to make the journey good to Charles Town, this deponent was informed that a Spanish brigantine was ashore on North island. This deponent with his own men and sundry of the good people from the Tavern sailed down to the island and found that a brigantine had been cast away and was on her beam ends over against the and was on her beam ends over against the red sand bluffs. The brigantine was boarded, and there was found thereon only four men, the commander, Julian de Vega, Alfonso Realta, the second mate, and two sailors. The commander surrendered to us in the name of the King, and he was taken on board with us and all his men.

"This deponent, deposing further, saith that this Capt de Vega on the voyage to Charles Town related a most incredulous story. He swore that the brigantine had story. He swore that the brigantine had been loaded at St. Augustine with silver and gold, the sum thereof in English sterling being £5,800,000; that he and the first mate, Miguel Aretino, had agreed to make good to themselves this money, and that they should bury it on Long island; that they had boldly permitted the whole crewe into the conspiracy, and on the afternoon of the 31st of August the captain, and the mates, and the crew went ashore in the small boats; that the mate selected a large pine tree near the shore, which was blazed with a circle, with two inner cross marks on the side of the tree turned from the shore; that from this tree the mate took a bearing with a land compass—northeast bearing with a land compass — northeast — deg. — min. The captain next measured a distance of about twenty chains, or nearly a quarter of a mile, the end thereof being in a marsh. The commander and the mate had made unto themselves an agree-ment that the commander should keep the memorandum of the distance secret from the mate and crew, and that the mate should keep the bearing, so that there should be no foul play at treachery. At about 1 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 1 the first mate boarded the brigantine's companion schooner, and conveyed eight small boats loaded with coin to the shore, and it was buried. The captain further said that when the small boats and convoy were on the way to the shore they were run through by a schooner, as he thought (the same being my vessel), which was blown alongside and on which he fired. But the most villainous part of the captain's But the most villainous part of the captain's tale is that it had been agreed that when the fleet of small boats should return from the shore the brigantine and the schooner

were to bear away from the fleet, the same to be abondoned to death. return his schooner must have been frightened away by the fear of the vessel on which he had fired, and kept well away. This deponent further states that on pass-This deponent further states that on passing into Charles Town yesterday he saw the wreck of a schooner on the beach of Sand island [Morris island] and picked up one of the boats of the Cid Campeador in which a share of the Spanish King's money had been carried to the Long 'island. He hath no doubt and verily believes that the had no doubt and verily believes that the lindividuals of the same stock.

The passing into Charles Town yesterday he saw individuals of the same stock. The descendants it increases tendencies common to the progenitors. By reason of their tionship, the closer this is and the closer this is and the closer than the unit individuals of the same stock. schooner drifted southward from Sullivan's island, and was east ashore on Sand island. The mate on board the schooner, who was lost, had with him the bearing of the gold and silver, where it was buried in the marsh, from the pine tree; and peradvent-ure it would be idle to search therefor without the chart. But by God's grace this deponent desireth an order from the King's lawful officer to search therefor and will true return make to any magistrate of the

Another of the papers recites the grant-ing of the order, but no return has yet been made; nor does it appear on the records what became of Julian de Vega and the three other wrecked Spanish marines. It is easy to understand why the schooner, which fired its last shot at the Charleston schooner on the morning of Sept. 1, 1745,

was flying a pirate flag.

In the Gold Bug, Poe originates a parchment which is supposed to be found on the shore of the cove just west of Sullivan's island. On the parchment are a lot of figures and punctuation marks, which, by a wonderful process of reasoning, are made to read as follows: "A good glass in the Bishop's hostel in the devil's seat, forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes-northeast and by north-main branch seventh limb, east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's head—a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out."

The Bishop's castle was simply a high rock, and the Devil's seat a part of it. The castle was found by having it shown to the hero of the story about a day's journey from Mount Pleasant. The death's head was a skull, fastened to a limb of a tree, which was found by looking from the Devil's seat through a telescope elevated to the angle 41 deg. 13 min. The gold bug was dropped through the left eye of the skull, attached to a string, and indicated the place of the wonderful treasure. Nobody has, of course, been able to re-locate the high cliff and crag over in Berkeley county. "The Gold Bug" is, therefore, a somewhat fanciful variation of a story that is really historical.

The above records are only now given to show that Edgar Allan Poe had a fair ground-work for his story, and that there is nearly \$30,000.000 in gold and silver somewhere on Long island. The wreck of the brigantine off South island is a matter of undoubted history, as are the facts above given from Probate Judge Gleason's court.

Why Women Get Short of Breath.

Dr. D. A. Sargent, in February Scribner.

In order to ascertain the influence of tight clothing upon the action of the heart during exercise, a dozen young women con-

to run the same distance with corsets on. The running time was two minutes and thirty seconds for each person at each trial, and in order that there should be no cardiac excitement or depression following the first test, the second trial was made the following day. Before beginning the running the average heart impulse was eighty-four beats to the minute; after running the above-named distance the heart impulse was 150 heats to the minute the average above-named distance the heart impulse was 152 beats to the minute, the average natural waist girth being twenty-five inches. The next day corsets were worn during the exercise, and the average girth of waist was reduced to twenty-four inches. The same distance was run in the same time by all, and immediately afterward the average heart impulse was found to be 168 beats per minute. When I state that I should feel myself justified in advising an athlete not to enter a running or rowing race whose heart impulse was 160 beats per minute after a little exercise, even though there was not the slightest evidence of disease, one can form some idea of the wear and tear on this important organ, and the physiological loss entailed upon the system in women who force it to labor for over half their lives under such a disadvantage as the tight corset imposes. disadvantage as the tight corset imposes.

A NIHILIST ROMANCE.

The "Man of the Linen Mask" and the Devotion of His Wife. Philadelphia Press

In the blind asylum at Steglitz, a short distance from Berlin, there lives a man distance from Berlin, there lives a man who, until recently was as mysterious a personage as the famous "Man of the Iron Mask." Certain persons high in authority made application for apartments at the asylum which should be worthy of a wealthy occupant. He appeared a short time after, accompanied by a beautiful woman, who was addressed as his wife. The man was tall and well made, and dressed in the height of fashion, with hands that betokened gentility of birth. The woman was young and aristocratic in hands that betokened gentility of birth. The woman was young and aristocratic in looks and bearing. About the face of the man was a linen mask, with an opening opposite the mouth and nostrils, which was never removed in the presence of attendants. He sat in a dark room, to which the servants were rarely admitted, and conversed with few. His food was given to his wife, and the inmates of the asylum knew nothing of their name and history further than the fact that they were from Russia. Rumors were rife, as was natural, and many ingenious stories constructed to account for the strange imprisonment. But the mystery has at last been solved, and the "Man of the Linen Mask" proved to be the hero of a strange and touching tale.

and touching tale.

A year before the death of the late Czar f Kussia, although the scion of a high and mighty family, the young nobleman, like so many of his class, became interested in the trials and hopes of the Nihilists. Time and association made him one of their ardent sympathizers and assistants. When the murder of the Emperor was planned, unfortunately the execution of the dreadful deed fell to him. The news staggered him. His oath bound him to the Nihilists, his family ties to the Czar. Thoughts of his people and the attendant disgrace influenced him and finally deterred him; he refused to commit the crime. A year passed by. Another revolutionist had thrown the bomb which he had declined to do and Alexander was dead. He had forgotten almost that he had been a Nihilist, but not so those whom he had forsaken. Passing so those whom he had forsaken. Passing along one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg, when about to greet a lady upon the opposite side, something was dashed into his eyes, and in a moment the light of day had gone. His mouth was deformed, his cheeks burned and disfigured. It was the work of a Nihilist, before whose modern inquisition he had been found wanting; vitriol had performed the work. Mad with pain, he was taken to his home, but the injury was beyond reparation and the doctor's aid in vain. The government had confiscated his estates upon learning of his revolutionary sympathies, but restored them in part when informed of the fate which had overtaken him. The mask was placed upon his head, for he was unpleasant to look upon.

But the heroism of one woman was shown, the heroism of one woman was shown, the heroism of his fiancee. She was a countess and the daughter of a house as

a countess and the daughter of a house as a countess and the daughter of a house as famous and powerful in Russia as was his own. She was heartbroken when told of the fiendish act, and the meeting between the lovers was touching in the extreme. With sorrowful heart, he offered to break the engagement and make her free again. But the brave woman refused, and declared that she would remain with him until death took her away. And they were married in the her away. And they were married in the little church on the old estate, attended by their relatives and friends. And on their wedding day they started for the blind asylum in Steglitz, where they had hopes of restoring the poor man's sight. And here his wife attends him with unfailing devotion and prays for the day when the aftion and prays for the day when the af-flicted nobleman can again look upon her

THE MARRIAGE OF NEAR KIN. Nothing Apparently to Justify the Common Prejudice Against It.

There is a widespread idea that consanguineous unions produce either defective offspring or none at all. When a marriage between cousins is spoken of, sterility or a deaf-mute, idiotic or deformed progeny is predicted, and examples are always at hand to cite in support of the prophecy. Does this opinion rest upon positive and well-authenticated facts, or is it erroneous? This is a question that was examined a few This is a question that was examined a few years ago by Mr. G. H. Darwin, who, after a profound study of the subject, came to the conclusion that, in the present state of science, there is nothing to justify the comthe skore the brigantine and the schooner were to bear away from the fleet, the same to be abondoned to death.

"The commander further said that on the H. Huth, who has just published an exhaustive work upon it, in which he arrives at the same conclusions that Mr. Darwin did. Mr. Huth thinks that consanguinity of itself plays no particular role in the union of individuals of the same stock. In tendencies common to the two progenitors. By reason of their rela-tionship, the closer this is and the closer the relationship of the ancestors, the greater is the tendency of the descendants to ex-hibit the same dispositions. If these are good, consanguineous unions will be advantageous, in that they will fortify and intensify them. If, on the contrary, they are bad, such unions should be avoided, in order to prevent a reinforcement of unfa-vorable tendencies, which should be suppressed. But the case is identical where it is a question of unrelated persons. No reasonable person would urge two neuropathic individuals of different family to unite, because he knows that the neurosis has every chance to become intense in the descendants. On the contrary, a union between consanguineous individuals, equally healthy and well favored, ought to be

encouraged. What may be urged against marriages of near kin is the facility with which unfavorable tendencies are transmitted, and the relative rarity of the circumstances in which such marriages can really be advised. But, this admitted and explained, consanguinity of itself presents no inconvenience, especially if we consider how remote, by reason of the existing laws upon marriage, is the degree of consanguinity between individuals capable of uniting

legitimately.
Upon the whole, consanguinity accumulates and intensifies tendencies. If these are bad, the marriage of near kin should be avoided; if good, it may be favored. But as, unfortunately, the unfavorable tendencies are more easily and frequently transmitted, because they are the ones that are established with the most facility, there is oftener more reason for avoiding than seeking such unions. Upon the whole, Mr. Huth concludes that the accusations directed against marriages of near kin are not justified in the present state of science.

High License in Philadelphia.

Public Ledger.
Not only has the operation of the law, as administered by our license court, reduced the number of drinking places from about 6,000 to 1,347, but it has already, in its existence of seven months from June 1, 1888, to Jan. 1, 1889, decreased, (according to pub-lished statistics) the commitments to the county prison by 6,468, as compared with the same months in the preceding year; decreased the commitments for drunkenness by 5,190; reduced the number of commitments for Sunday drunkenness from 865 to 246, and reduced the commitments of woman for drunkenness for the same period from eighty-nine to twenty-seven.

Newspaper Circulation.

Boston Transcript.

There are only six newspapers in the country to-day having each a circulation of sented, this summer, to run 540 yards in over 100,000 copies daily, and perhaps some their loose gymnasium garments, and then of these have no such circulation daily.